TO-DAY'S STORIES OF YESTERDAY

EDITED AND PICTURED BY
FRANCES KERR COOK

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WELL TOLD TALES FROM MODERN AUTHORS

The Fairy Who Rings the Blue Bells

(From Story "How Daisy Chains Came")

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"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"
ALBERT WHITMAN COMPANY
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A JUST RIGHT BOOK
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FOREWORD

"TODAY'S STORIES OF YESTERDAY" is a collection of new stories, written by modern authors, but placed in the romantic setting of yesterday.

The aim has been to select stories full of interest, humor, and charm; stories which shall be so entertaining in themselves that through their appeal to the imagination and emotions of the child, they will lead him into a larger world, develop his ideals for the highest form of living; inspire a love for those universal virtues of kindliness, honesty, loyalty, perserverance, and thoughtfulness for others.

There has been an avoidance of the "too-good" and moralizing type of story, as well as the tale full of shivery terrors—a type which flourished some years ago, and which is still too prevalent in some modern collections of classic tales.

The stories are of today in their ideals and sane outlook upon life. They are of yesterday in their setting. They are stories of children and of fairies of long ago or of Indian lads and maidens of early times but their problems and their pleasures were surprisingly like our own of today. The everyday incidents, joys, sorrows, and dilemmas common to the life of every child assume something of the glamour of knightly days when happening in an environment of little Princes and Princesses in flowing robes, or of red-skinned children of a primeval race.

The choice of tales has not been restricted to the work of any one author, but some of the best stories of several modern writers for children have been selected. In this way a certain variety of theme and treatment has been secured, while the unity of the collection has been preserved by adherence to the legendary setting.

FRANCES KERR COOK

HOW THE TULIPS CAME TO HAVE BRIGHT COLORS

(Adapted From An Old Legend of Devon)

There was once a family of Pixies who made their home in a wood near the cottage of a kind little old lady. There were ever so many wee baby Pixies, so very very small that their mother had to be most careful where she put them to sleep at night. If a big wind came up they might all be blown away; or if it rained they might drown. She looked everywhere trying to find the right kind of a cradle. She tried all the different wild flowers that were in bloom in the wood, but it was so early in the spring that there were not many flowers out, and those that were had very

small petals, or very weak stems, so that the baby Pixies fell out and were hurt.

Now the kind little old lady that lived near by had some plain brown tulips in her garden. Long ago all tulips used to be a dull brown color. There were no beautiful big bright colored ones then.

One evening the mother Pixie said to the Father Pixie, "I'm going to try the brown tulips for cradles tonight. The petals are so close together and the stems are so straight and strong that I don't believe the babies will fall out."

"I should think that tulips would be just the thing," agreed the Father Pixie, "and the little old lady is so kind she would not harm our babies."

That night the baby Pixies were put into the brown tulip blossoms, and the winds swayed the tulips back and forth on their straight sturdy stems, and very soon the babies were all sound asleep. The petals of the tulips closed round so snug that not a single baby Pixie fell out of its cradle all night, and although it rained a little, the drained right off and did no harm at all.

The Baby Pixies fell out and were hurt.

The Father and Mother Pixie were so pleased that they decided to use the tulip cradles every night.

Not long after that the little old lady happened to go out into her garden one evening with her lantern to see whether she had closed the gate for the night. And there along the path she discovered those wee Pixie babies sound asleep in her tulips!

"Where did all these cunning little tiny wee babies come from?" she exclaimed, but she spoke very softly so as not to wake them up. She went round looking at each little tulip cradle and was so delighted that she determined to watch over the tulips in her garden more carefully than before.

Every day she tended them diligently, and she very soon noticed that every time she watered the tulips, or dug about them, the next day a beautiful new color appeared on their petals, for the Pixies came and painted it on in the night to reward her for her care.

She did not let a night pass without taking her lantern and going out to look at the little Pixies

The Little Lady happened to go out into her garden.

asleep in their cradles, and as they grew very fast, she began to worry for fear they would out-grow their cradles. So she watered and cared for the tulips more often than before, but the tulips grew as well as the Pixies, so that before long the little old lady had the largest and brightest colored tulips that grew anywhere in the country. And her tulips kept their petals and stayed in bloom longer than any others; indeed the petals did not drop until all the Pixie babies were quite grown up and able to sleep safely anywhere in the woods.

Every year more tulips appeared until finally there were enough cradles for all the little Pixie families in the whole woods. And the Pixies watched over the little old lady and over her garden, so that every spring her tulips increased in beauty, and she had happiness and good fortune as long as she lived.

But after her death a hard money-loving man came to live in the cottage. He cared nothing for the beautiful tulips that she had looked after so tenderly. He dug up all the bulbs and carried them to the back of his land and threw them out.

And he planted parsley and carrots instead. For he thought he could sell these at the market and make more money. "And of what possible use are these good-for-nothing flowers?" exclaimed he!

This happened just at spring time, too, when all the tulips were just coming into bloom, and the Pixies had no tulip cradles for their Pixie babies all that season.

All the Pixies were very sorry that the man did not like flowers and they decided that they would punish this greedy man that loved money so much more than he loved beautiful flowers.

So every night they came and danced on his parsley and carrots. They danced till the leaves were all shredded to bits. That is why the leaves of parsley and carrots are all fringed and ragged even to this day.

Not a thing would grow in that man's garden no matter how hard he worked or how often he planted more vegetables.

But it chanced that when he threw out the tulip bulbs they fell all about the grave where the little old lady lay buried. The Pixies coming out at night saw the bulbs lying about on the ground and they planted them lovingly all over and around the grave. And every night when they came out to dance on the parsley and carrots, they stopped to care for the tulips and soften the ground about them.

The next spring the tulips came forth in great masses of beautiful bloom to honor the grave of the kind little old lady. The gorgeous colors in violets and yellows and orange and crimson blazed forth in such glory that people came from miles around to see the wonderful flowers.

And these people who loved flowers, helped to take care of them, and when the land became too crowded for the bulbs to do well, they took them up and divided them, planting what was left over, in their own gardens. And that is how the tulips came to be preserved for us. And that is why we

And every night when they came out to dance.

have such large beautiful bright colored tulips today, instead of dull brown ones.

SUGAR MOON

Or, The Spoiled Sugar.

It was the Sugar-making Moon, or month, and the little Indian children like many other children liked maple sugar.

For several days Brave-father had been busy making troughs by hollowing out logs with his stone ax. When a fine spring-like morning came, he went about through a part of the forest tapping the maple trees. When he found one that pleased him he cut a gash in it with his ax. Then he fitted a wooden wedge into the gash so that the sap would run into one of the troughs which he put under the tree. When he had finished he went home to the wigwam.

"I go to sell furs," he said to the squaw-mother. "You and the papooses make sugar."

The next day Squaw-mother called out a queer Indian name which meant, "Do-well," and a little Indian girl came from the wigwam. Then she called another name which meant something like "Good-enough" and a tall Indian lad who was Do-well's brother came out.

"Take these two buckets and go to the sugar trees," said Squaw-mother to the children. "When a trough is full of sap empty it into a bucket, and carry it to where there are two large pots. Each one of you fill one pot with sap and I will come and build a fire under them to boil the sap into maple sugar."

When the boy and girl came to the first trough, Do-well asked Good-enough to help her empty the sap into the bucket she was carrying.

"Wait," said Good-enough, "the trough will hold more sap." And the careless boy wandered away.

Do-well had to dip out the sap the best she could alone and carry as much as she could to one of the big pots which was near by.

After she had worked for a time and then she came to where Good-enough was lying fast asleep with the sweet sap overflowing from the trough near him.

Do-well shook him. "Wake up, Good-enough," she said. "Look at your troughs."

The Indian boy jumped up and went to work. Just then the squaw-mother came to the forest to build the fires. Do-well had a big pot nearly full of the sweet sap and Good-enough had none.

The Indian mother lighted a fire under Do-well's pot and told her that when the sap cooked down and commenced to thicken she must stir it so it would not burn.

When Good-enough brought sap to the pot near Do-well's he poured in some leaves and tiny sticks that the wind had blown into the sap.

"Oh, you must take out the leaves and sticks," said Do-Well.

"It's good enough," the Indian boy grunted, and started a fire under the pot.

When the boiling sap thickened and should have been stirred, the lad said, "Good enough," and wandered away.

It grew late and the moon was in the sky when he came back. His syrup was scorching.

"Oh—it is burnt!" cried Do-well.

"It's good enough," replied her brother, as he poked at the fire with his stick.

When the syrup had cooked down until it was so thick that it hardened when they dropped a little on the snow, the squaw-mother helped to pour it into some dishes to harden

"Oh, it is burnt!" cried Do-Well.

into sugar. And then what fun to eat warm apple sugar!

For many days the children and Squaw-mother worked making maple sugar. Each evening they took home to the wigwam the sugar they had made.

One day when they had boiled the last syrup into sugar and were going home, they heard voices in the wigwam. Suddenly a strange man came out of the wigwam and lo! he was eating one of their cakes of maple sugar. Was he an Indian enemy who had come to steal their maple sugar? What would they do?

Just then from out the wigwam came Brave-father. Oh, how glad they were to see him! He and the stranger sat down and smoked the pipe of peace, so they knew the stranger was not an enemy.

When Brave-father saw them he said, "This is Fair-play, the trader. He would like to buy some of our sugar."

Squaw-mother and the children brought out all the sugar they had made. Some of it was a nice clean brown color and very good. Some of it was a very dark color and tasted bitter.

"I will give you a warm blanket, some red beads, and this sharp hunting knife for the good sugar," said the trader.

"We must keep the good sugar, there is only as much as we need for ourselves," said Brave-father. The trader did not want the dark sugar, so he went away.

Good-enough felt much ashamed, for, of course, the dark bitter sugar was the sugar he had spoiled by boiling sticks and leaves in the sap, and leaving it to burn.

The next year Good-enough was careful to make his sugar *very good*. And when the trader came, he took all the sugar that they did not need, and in return gave them things that Indian parents and children like very much to own.

JAVOTTE AND THE JOLLY GOAT BOYS

Up on the hillside, there were four flocks of goats. Jan took care of one flock and Anton one flock and Mark one flock. Jan was short and fat and he laughed all the time. Anton was tall and strong and could carry more than any of them. Mark was small and thin, but he could run fast as any hare and he took very good care of his goats and never let them stray from his sight. The other flock was cared for by a little girl—Javotte was her name. Anton and Mark and Jan found many an hour when the goats were quiet and safe, when they could play together. Mark had a little flute that he could play upon and often the

others sang while he played. Folks called them "The Three Jolly Goat Boys."

Anton and Jan and Mark did not ask Javotte to play with them. They did not like to play with girls.

One day the boys sat upon the grass, playing at jackstraws. Not far away Javotte sat, watching her goats.

"We ought to ask Javotte to play with us," said Mark.

"Girls have no skill at jackstraws!" said Anton. "They like better to play with dolls."

"She could run no faster than a snail, should we want to play at 'Goal Stick'!" added Jan. "She would cry if she should scratch herself on the thorns in the wood! Girls are always babies!"

"And she knows none of our songs," agreed Mark. "Then, too, she would always be asking us to help tend her goats. No—it's better to play by ourselves as we've always done!"

Folks called them "The Three Jolly Goat Boys."

Javotte was lonely so she made friends with the little creeping beetles, the ants and with the birds of the forest. She twined flowers together for a wreath to put upon her sunny hair. She gathered queer plants and herbs from the wood which she carried home to the goatwoman. The goatwoman was very wise and she knew what this herb was for and what that herb was for and some of the queer plants she put in the ground for Javotte till they grew beautiful bright blossoms.

"If only they would ask me to play, I could tell them many secrets of the wood," thought Javotte. She knew where to find the spicy checkerberry and the first arbutus in the spring and the home of the saucy bluejay who stole the crumbs after the boys had finished their lunch. She knew, too, where an oven bird lived and she knew that Anton or Mark or Jan would give much to know that. And once she'd seen some birds having a feast upon the scarlet bunch-berries in the midst of the wood.

"I would show them that I know how to play jackstraws, too!" she said to herself. "Many a time have I won from my brother."

She gathered a queer plant and some herbs from the wood.

But the boys went on playing there on the grassy hillside and did not even glance her way.

One day Javotte saw Mark jump to his feet and run down the slope to the place where his goats were grazing. She saw him kneel down on the grass and then she noticed that one of the little goats was on the ground. Mark called to Anton and Jan and they ran quickly to join him. Mark's face was greatly troubled.

"I can't help it if they never do play with me," Javotte said. "I must go and see what the trouble is. Perhaps one of the little kids is sick!"

She looked at her own flock to be sure they were all safe and then hurried to the place where the three boys bent over the little black and white kid.

"What's the matter?" asked Javotte.

"The kid is sick," said Mark, "and my master is away. I know not what to do!"

"Oh!" cried Javotte, "'tis like the sickness of the three goats of the goatwoman last spring. Get some sticks quickly and build a fire. Have you a kettle?"

"There is the one we carry water in," said Anton.

"That will do," said Javotte. "Fetch it quickly, full of water. I will be back by the time you get the fire made."

She sped away on small, swift feet to the wood. Before the fire was built and the water brought, she was back again. In her hands she carried some crooked brown roots and some green leaves, fine as lacework. She washed the roots and broke them into the pail of water. She put in also the green leaves. Then she set the pail on a big stone in the midst of the fire. After a few minutes it began to boil merrily and they could smell the strong, smarty odor of the herbs cooking. Javotte let it boil for quite a few minutes, then cooled it and let the kid drink as much as he would.

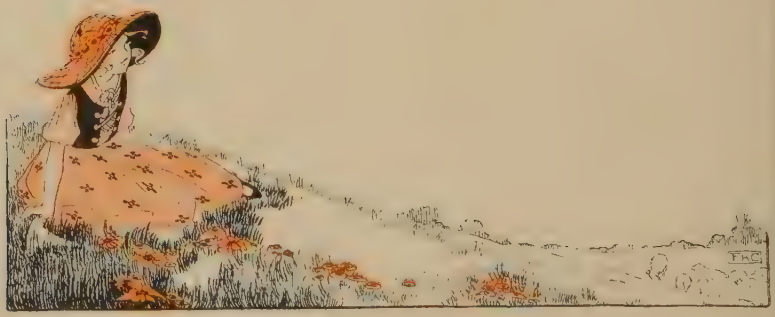
For half an hour the kid seemed to be just the same. He did not stir from his place on the grass. Then, suddenly, he got to his feet and trotted off to join the rest of the flock. Javotte turned to go to her flock. It was growing late and she must take them home.

"We're all going to bring grapes and have a feast at the noon hour tomorrow," Mark called after her. "Could you come too?"

Javotte's face grew bright.

"Why, yes!" she said. "And I will bring some little sweet cheese cakes for the feast, too!"

Ever after that Javotte played with the Three Jolly Goat Boys and never once again did they laugh at her because she was a girl!



*HOW DAISY CHAINS CAME

Once upon a time, in the land of Never-Was-But-Might-Have-Been, the folk who lived there, all fairies by the way, woke up one summer morning to a surprise. A field that had been only green before was covered with the prettiest flowers, whose heads looked like fairy children with yellow hair and frilled white bonnets. These flowers covered the green field. They were large enough to serve for fairy sunshades. They were bright enough to be fairy gold. Their white petals might have come from the snowy soap-suds and the tiny ironing board of the fairy laundress who hung her washing on the morning cobwebs. There was only one thing that might have been changed about these flowers. They grew in just one

*Grateful acknowledgment is made to Milton Bradley and Company for permission to reprint "How Daisy Chains Came," by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, first published in "Friendly Tales."

meadow, and to be properly shared and loved all the fairies should be able to see and touch them. And the fairies were busy and they lived far apart.

The fairy laundress, gathering her wee frocks and lace skirts from the webs of the meadow grass, stopped and looked at these pretty new flowers. She sighed. "How the fairy who churns the butter for the buttercups would love some of these flowers!" she said, "but I can't go any farther than her dairy with a wreath of them or my clothes will be too dry to iron smoothly."

With this, the fairy laundress wove a beautiful wreath of the new yellow and white flowers and hurried to a far field where the fairy who put butter in the buttercups was skimming her cream pans.

"Just the color of new butter!" said the fairy. "Thank you so much! And how the fairy who puts pennies in the shepherds' purses would enjoy having a wreath of them too," but before she had finished speaking the fairy laundress was half

"How the Fairy who churns butter for the butter-cups would love some of these flowers."

way home again. Every day was wash-day with her, on account of the fairy children wearing only white and lace.

"I might go over to her bank, I suppose, with a wreath," went on the buttercup fairy, "but no farther, on account of my churning and the children needing so many buttercups this summer." So she wove another beautiful wreath of the yellow and white flowers from hers and hurried to the mossy bank where the fairy who fills the shepherds' purses, those tiny, green, three-cornered purses that grow in the summer time, was at her work of making bright pennies.

"How pretty! Just the color of my pennies!" said this fairy as she saw the long wreath. "I do thank you so much, and I wish I could show it to the fairy who rings the bluebells. I heard her just this morning tuning them for some midsummer chimes. I may be able to get over to her hill before night."

So the fairy who made pennies had a busy time filling purses and then later she divided her wreath and made still a third one, which she carried

through the secret lanes of grass and moss until she came to the bluebell hill and the fairy who could make them chime.

The bluebell fairy was delighted with her wreath. "I will make up a song about them," she told the fairy of the shepherds' purses, "and when I am able to play it on my chime of bluebells I must share these new yellow and white flowers with the fairy who makes cheeses. She is kept so busy that she hardly ever is able to get away from her field to see the sights."

It was late in the afternoon when the bluebell fairy was able to divide her wreath and make still

another one which she took in great haste to the fairy of the little green cheeses, which are so good to eat in the summer time. "She delivers cheeses at sunset," said the bluebell fairy to herself. "I mustn't be late."

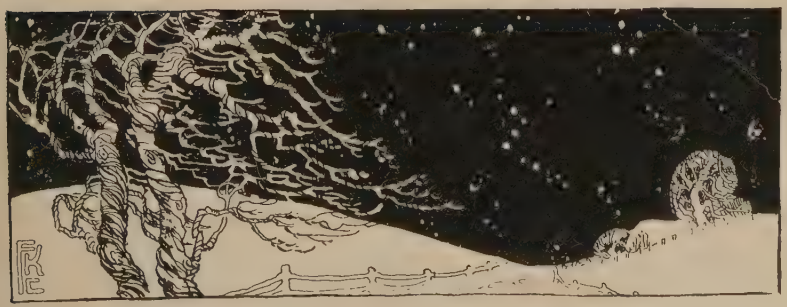
As it happened, she was just in time. The cheese fairy, her small grass basket on her arm, was just starting out, but she nearly dropped all the hard little green cheeses in delight at the wreath.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed, "but much too beautiful to be left here among my curds. I shall just take along a few of these yellow and white flowers to one of my customers who will be so pleased with a wreath. You see she washes and irons the fairy children's dresses, and I take her a cheese every midsummer night for her supper."

Of course the bluebell fairy did not know that the first wreath had started from the kind hands of the fairy wash-lady. Neither did the fairy who made the cheeses. The whole thing would have been a joke when it was found out if something strange had not happened.

The cheese fairy carried the slim wreath of the new yellow and white flowers to the busy, tired fairy wash-lady, and a wonderful thing came to pass. It wasn't a wreath. It was a chain of flowers. As each fairy had put part of her wreath into another one for some other fairy, all the wreaths had joined themselves into one long chain. It made a circle from that fairy wash-lady all the way back to her again—a nice, long *daisy chain*.

So the first daisy chain was made in the land of Never-Was-But-Might-Have-Been and the children, through love of one another, have been winding daisy chains ever since then.



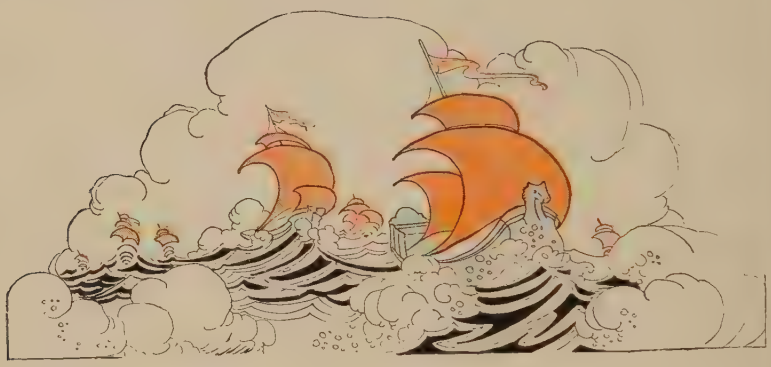
HOW FAIRY BREEZE HELPED

"Father, may I go traveling with you today?" asked tiny Fairy Breeze of her strong father, Giant Wind, one day. "Perhaps I could help you!"

Giant Wind laughed his big, rough laugh. "Oh, ho! You help me! You're too tiny to help, but you may come along with me," he said. "I am so busy I can't wait for you today, though, so you'll have to try to keep up with me."

They started off. First they came to a big windmill beside a river. Its big arms were still. The miller stood in the doorway.

"I wish the mill would go!" sighed the miller. "How can I grind my wheat until the wind blows?"



Just then Giant Wind gave a mighty blow, and the mill began to turn. The miller hurried inside to grind his wheat.

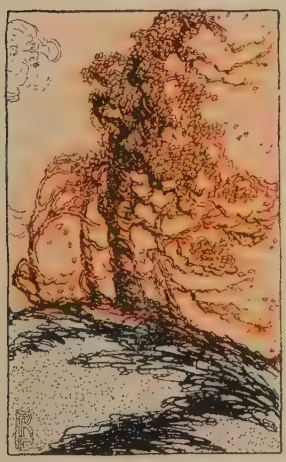
"Oh, I wish I could do that!" whispered Fairy Breeze.

"Oh, ho!" laughed the giant, "you couldn't even make the fans move."

Then they raced out to sea and sent a ship merrily on its way. The ship had been waiting and waiting for a wind to come and fill its sails. Fairy Breeze and her father hurried back to the land. The giant blew round a little house near the shore till the windows rattled and the doors banged.

"Oh, I can go no farther!" called the little breeze. "You go so fast, Father!"

Giant Wind left the Fairy Breeze beside the little house and told her to catch up with him if she could. Inside the little house lay a little girl, hot and sick with a fever. When Giant Wind had roared past, she had said, "Oh, shut the window quickly, it is cold!" After the wind had passed by, Fairy Breeze tapped gently on the window till the nurse let her in. She cooled the girl's hot face until she said, "I am getting better."



The fairy tried hard to catch up with her father, but she could not. First she came to a garden where the giant had passed by. The flowers were bent almost to the ground, and some of the petals were broken. Fairy Breeze kissed them all and whispered to them and played with them until they began to stand up straight and smile once more.

Then Fairy Breeze came to a meadow where she found a boy crying. Giant Wind had blown so

hard that he had broken the boy's kite string, and he had to run a long, long way before he found the kite again. The little breeze dried the tears away and gave a little tug at the kite. The boy mended the string and Fairy Breeze carried the kite up, up, up, until it seemed as though it touched the clouds.

The boy laughed happily as he ran along after his kite.

Fairy Breeze carried the kite up, up, up, until it seemed as though it touched the clouds

As Fairy Breeze journeyed on she saw a line of clothes that her father had blown so hard that they were all torn. Then she saw a flag that was all twisted round a tall pole. A little girl was trying to straighten its folds. Fairy Breeze blew gently at the flag, and at last it was straight once more. Some pupils came from the school house near by and stood round the flag and saluted it.

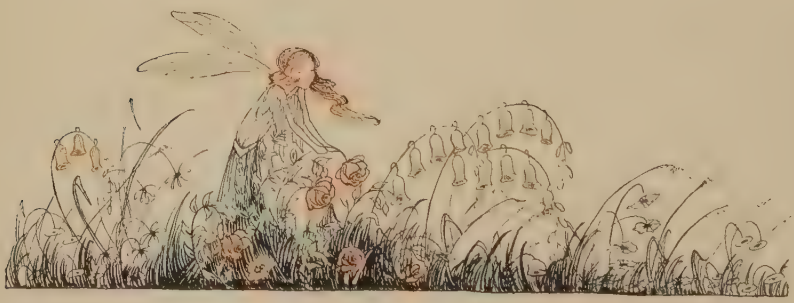
Just then Giant Wind came along, picked up Fairy Breeze and carried her away to their home in the West.

"Oh, but this has been a busy day!" Giant Wind said. "I've started a mill, sent a ship out to sea, dried some clothes, dried a hundred puddles in the streets, played tricks on some boys, a flag and some flowers and sung my song to the people of a thousand towns and cities. Oh, this has been

a busy day! I wish you were big enough to really help me!"

Wee Fairy Breeze answered, "Oh, I wish so, too, Father!" But she smiled happily to herself, for she remembered how the sick girl had smiled, how the flowers had straightened, how the boy with the kite had stopped crying, and how the red, white, and blue flag had waved to the pupils.

"Maybe I am a little bit of good in the world, after all," she whispered to herself.



A DIFFERENT CINDERELLA

In the Play House in Make-Believe Town there lived only children; so, of course, the children had to do all the work. But as there were a great many of them, and each one had a special task to do every day, no one had to work very hard.

Polly put the kettle on, and Molly stirred the broth, and Dolly dipped it into bowls for dinner. After dinner Sue washed the bowls, and Prue washed the spoons, and in no time their work was done, and they could play.

It was Caroline's task to shovel the ashes from the hearth so that the fire would burn brightly. Just for fun they called her Cinderella.

Cinderella didn't like to shovel up the ashes one bit. They smutted her hands, and got into her throat and made her cough, and anyway, she'd much rather play. So one day she didn't do her work.

"It won't make any difference if I leave the ashes just one day," she thought. "I'll do it all tomorrow."

It didn't make much difference, except that when tomorrow came, there were twice as many ashes to be shovelled.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Cinderella, "I can't stop to take care of those today. We're going on a long walk into the woods. There won't be many more tomorrow."

There weren't many more the next day, but when Cinderella picked up the shovel, she thought she was altogether too tired to do any work. "I shall feel more rested tomorrow," she thought, "and then I'll shovel up that whole heap of ashes and sweep the hearth nice and clean."

But, the next day that pile of ashes looked very large, and the next day it was still larger, and the

But the next day the pile of ashes looked very large.

next day it was very large indeed. It was about that time that Tim, who had lighted the fire, began to have trouble making it burn. Jim, who brought in the wood, helped him, and after much puffing and blowing, they got the fire started. But it didn't burn well even then, and every day after that it burned worse than ever.

"Cinderella *must* shovel the ashes, or we can't have a fire," said the boys and girls.

But Cinderella didn't. So they went on having more and more trouble with the fire, until at last it was just as everybody had said, the fire wouldn't burn at all.

"You'll all have to help me shovel the ashes," Cinderella told them. "There is such a pile of them that I can't possibly take care of them alone."

"No, we're not going to help you," they answered. "We have our work to do, and that's yours. You must do it yourself."

Cinderella looked at the hearth. She wished she'd taken care of it the day before, and the day before that, and every day, just as she ought to have done, but she couldn't make up her mind to begin now.

"Let's build a fire on the big flat stone in the woodshed," suggested Jill. "Cinderella must stay here, and when she has the ashes all shovelled away, she can call us."

For a long, long time she sat and looked at the ashes.

So they all went outside to stay in the shed, and left Cinderella inside the house.

For a long time she sat and looked at the ashes, until she began to be sleepy. "I'll take a little nap," she thought, "and then I really *will* shovel them away."

She lay down by the hearth and fell sound asleep. While she slept, a great wind began to blow. It whisked down the chimney, and blew the ashes out of the hearth and all over Cinderella, until nothing could be seen of her at all. It looked like just a heap of ashes on the floor.

That was what Cinderella dreamed that it was, a great mountain of ashes, and that she was under it and couldn't get out. She tried to crawl out, but the pile kept getting bigger and bigger, and after a while it covered up the whole world.

It was all so very dreadful that she cried out in her sleep. The boys and girls thought she was calling them back to the house, so they all came running. Just as they got to the door, Cinderella woke up. She sprang to her feet, and ashes flew in every direction.

"Where's the broom?" she cried.

Jack-be-nimble found it for her, and then how those ashes did fly. Cinderella swept, and swept until she swept them all out of the house.

"*There!*" she cried. "Those dreadful ashes are gone! Now we can have a fire. And I'll never, *never, never* let another day go by without doing my work."

THE MISSING FANCHETTE

It was the finest kind of a day for a picnic and that was fortunate because Fanchette, the Lord Mayor's daughter, had invited every boy and girl in Happy Town to a picnic at Wildwood Lake. By ten o'clock on that sunshiny morning, everyone had reached the lake; everyone except the Lord Mayor's daughter, herself.

"Where *is* Fanchette?" wondered Eloise, when half-past ten came and she had not appeared. "Let's play some games and perhaps she'll come."

They began a game of hide-and-seek, but it wasn't a very lively game for all the time they were watching for Fanchette.

"Why doesn't she come?" demanded Jacques, when they heard the deep voice of the village clock striking eleven. "Is this surely the day for the picnic?"

"Of course! We couldn't all have made a mistake," Marie reminded him. "Fanchette is often late. She'll probably come soon."

Half-past eleven came, but Fanchette did not.

"Something may have happened to keep her at home," suggested Yvonne.

"Then someone must go and see what is the matter," declared Henri. "I will go, myself."

So Henri hurried away to the grand mansion of the Lord Mayor, and the others sat down under the trees to wait. A long, long time they waited, but the boy did not come back and still there was no Fanchette.

"Boys are so stupid!" scoffed Yvonne. "I will go to find Fanchette and bring her back quickly."

Yvonne ran off, but when she had disappeared, not so much as a ribbon fluttered down the lane, although others watched and watched.

"I will go to find Fanchette."

"I will soon clear up the mystery," promised Jacques, and he, too, started for the grand mansion.

The clock struck twelve but not one of them returned, so Eloise went after Jacques. Then Pierre went after Eloise, and Marie went after Pierre, and Phillippe went after Marie.

At last no one was left of all the picnickers except Lisette. She peered anxiously down the lane for five whole minutes, but as she saw no one, she, in her turn, started for the Lord Mayor's.

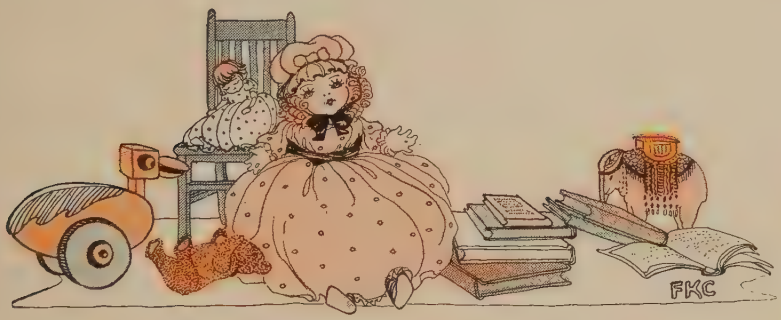
She soon reached the big gate, which stood open. No one was in sight, so she went in and knocked on the door of the mansion. There was much bustle and stir and hurry and scurry inside, and she had to knock several times before a worried-looking footman opened the door.

"If you please," inquired Lisette, "is Fanchette at home?"

"She is," replied the footman, solemnly. "You will find her upstairs."

"Oh, is she ill?" asked Lisette.

"No, indeed! Quite as usual," answered the footman.



"Have you seen Henri, and Yvonne, and Jacques—?" began Lisette.

"And Eloise and Pierre and Marie and Phillippe," continued the footman. "They are all here. If you will step in, perhaps you can help, too."

The great hall which she entered was crowded with servants with their arms full of everything you can think of, from toy dogs and elephants and balls to hats and dresses and books and papers. Jacques was coming down the grand staircase, looking very uncomfortable with his arms full of dolls, and there were Phillippe and Pierre and the other boys, each with as large a load as he could hold. The girls were upstairs, and Lisette hurried up. Fanchette was coming out of the door

Jacques was coming down the grand staircase looking very uncomfortable with his arms full of dolls.

of her room with her arms full of papers and picture books.

"What *is* the matter?" cried Lisette. "Are you moving?"

"No! I'm hunting for my shoes," replied Fanchette almost in tears. "I've found one of them, and I've found my ribbon and my belt and my handkerchief and the other things I lost, but I just *can't* find that other shoe."

"But what are you taking everything out of your room for?" asked Lisette.

"It was Yvonne's idea. You see, I—I hadn't kept my things in very good order, and they got into such a heap that I couldn't find anything I

wanted. So she suggested that I take things out one by one until I found what I was looking for. Oh, if I ever find that other shoe, I'll put it exactly where it belongs after this, and everything else as well!"

Fanchette hurried back into her room and in another moment she cried:

"Here it is, under this heap of cut-out papers! Goody! Now we can go to the picnic!"

A murmer of rejoicing ran along the hall and down the stairs.

"She's found it! She's found it! Fanchette has found her shoe and she can go to the picnic!"

"Thank you, everybody, so much!" cried Fanchette. "I never should have got to the picnic if you hadn't helped me."

"Let us help you put things away, now," offered Lisette.

"No. Just leave everything in my room, and when I get home I'll put

"What is the matter?" cried Lisette, "Are you moving?"

them to rights Then perhaps I'll remember better to keep them in order," said Fanchette.

When the Lord Mayor heard that everything had been found, he was so delighted that he ordered his coach and four, all the boys and girls climbed in, and the coachman drove them back to the lake for the picnic.

WHEN EVERYBODY PLAYED

Long ago when kings and queens dressed every day in party clothes a young boy was made king.

The boy was far too young to be a ruler, but the king had died; so his only son had to rule.

Now the minute the king's crown was put on the boy's head, he declared, "I'm going to make some new laws."

"You must be very careful," warned the wise man. "The people of this kingdom are quite happy."

"Silence," commanded the boy.

"Now that I am king, I will not get up in the morning until I get ready. I will not study any more, and I will not eat anything but ice cream and candy if I don't wish to."

The wiseman shook his head. He knew it was a mistake, but he said nothing.

"Now," continued the king, "the law I am going to make is, 'Everybody in the kingdom is to

play. No one has to work. Any one found working will be sent to prison.' Isn't that fine!"

"But, your majesty," answered the wiseman, "it is impossible for every one to play all the time."

"Stuff and nonsense," declared the king. "Nobody wants to work. You wait and see. The law shall go into effect at twelve o'clock tomorrow, high noon."

Now it chanced that the king was the first to forget his new law. The next morning he ordered the coachman to take him for a ride in the golden coach. He rode along through lovely woods and passed green meadows. Finally he became hungry. So he stopped at a tavern. He ordered ten dishes of ice cream, six glasses of lemonade, and four boxes of candy. "Well," said the boy to himself, "it is great to be king. I can eat just what I want."

After a time, the innkeeper brought forth a tray with the food upon it. But lo! just as the tray was within a foot of the table, a great bell rang. It was the warning that it was high noon. The tavern keeper tossed away the tray at once, letting all its contents fall to the floor.

He ordered ten dishes of ice cream, six glasses of lemonade, and four boxes of candy.

"Stupid!" screamed the king. "How dare you do so?"

"Sir," replied the innkeeper, "have you not heard of our new and great king? He has made a law that no one may work. All must play. That bell was the warning that we must obey. I could not put the food on the table. That would have been work."

"Stupid!" screamed the boy. "I am the king. Do as I say. I want something to eat."

"You can't fool me like that," said the innkeeper. "*You* the king! Ha, ha!"

The boy was angry, but he could not make the tavern-keeper believe he was the king. So he rushed out to command the coachman to compel the innkeeper to be sensible. But lo! the coachman was gone. He looked about and saw a man leaning against a tree in a careless fashion. "Where is my coachman?" the king demanded of him.

"I don't know," said the man. "I suppose he went away to play. It's work to sit and watch horses and drive coaches. It's against the law to work."

The tavern keeper tossed away the tray at once.

"This is terrible!" shouted the king. "I must get home at once. Here," he said, taking out his purse filled with gold. "Here, I will give you this if you will drive me home."

"What's that, money?" asked the man. "That's no good. If nobody works, there is nothing to buy. What good is money?"

The king begged, but it did no good; so he started to walk home. It was many miles back to the castle, and the king was not used to walking. At last, very tired and hungry, he reached the palace grounds. But there was no guard to open the gate. Although he was very tired, he had

to climb the wall. And when he reached the palace, lo! it had been robbed of all its lovely riches. Every one had been away to play, and robbers from another land had entered the palace.

The poor king was very hungry, but it did no good to call for servants. In the royal garden he found the wiseman fishing in the royal fountain. He told him how tired and hungry he was, but the wiseman said none of the servants dared to go against the king's law.

So the king begged him to help make a new law. Together they drafted a law whereby every one must work as well as play. No one dared to work without play, and no one dared play without work.

Then the servants came back to the palace, and the king ordered his supper. His order was not as foolish as it had been in the tavern. He knew that ice cream after bread and meat would taste far better than eating ice cream until he grew tired of it. It was like play being more fun after work.

And when the people learned of the new law, the king became known as a wise ruler, because he had found that work and play must go together.

THE BLACK-TOOTHED PRINCE

Prince Rolland was lost. He could not remember clearly how he had become separated from the king. There had been a tournament where many games had been played until it became dark. Although Prince Rolland had a lantern and searched everywhere among the crowds he could not find his father. For when the tournament broke up, the king, believing the prince to be with the other princes, left in his royal carriage. The princes, believing Prince Rolland to be with the king, had gone away in their carriage. So the prince was left alone.

Prince Rolland hurried on and on.

Prince Rolland hurried on and on. He was tired and hungry. Finally he came to the gates of the great city, for the tournament field was, of course, outside the city walls.

There were guards at the gate. "Halt!" they commanded the prince. "Who are you?"

"Why, I am Prince Rolland," replied the boy.

"If you are the prince why do you come on foot? The royal carriage has long ago entered the gates," said the guards.

"But I was lost. I am the prince, I tell you."

"See," said one of the guards to the other, "he shows his teeth when he talks. They are black."

"Show us your teeth," commanded the other guard.

Prince Rolland was angry. But he drew back his lips so that his teeth would show.

"He is not the prince of this country," said the guard. "All the people in this country have white teeth. There are many heathen countries where people think it is nice to blacken their teeth. They say that dogs can have white teeth so they stain their own teeth black. This boy has the robes of a prince. He must be a heathen prince."

"I am not," the prince insisted angrily. "I am Prince Rolland."

"Then why do you have black teeth?" the guard asked.

The prince hung his head; he was ashamed. "I ate blueberry pie for dinner and did not brush my teeth after the meal."

One guard turned to the other guard and whispered, "The king had commanded that all people from those countries where it is the custom to blacken their teeth, be brought before him." Then he turned to the boy, "Come," he said. And taking the prince roughly by the shoulder, the guard hurried him inside the city walls.

The prince was very glad to get home, although

he did not like to be handled so roughly. But when he reached the palace he was not allowed to go to his own room, for the guard would not believe that he was the prince. He had to sleep in a small cold room.

The next morning the guard took Prince Rolland to the great throne room where the king was making laws and judging people.

"Who is next?" asked the king.

The guard stepped forward. "Your majesty," he said, "yesternight I found a boy dressed in princely robes, but belonging to the tribes who blacken their teeth, walking near the city walls. I thought he might be dangerous to our kingdom. He might be a spy."

"Bring him here," thundered the king.

The boy was brought forward.

"Why!" exclaimed the king, "that is Prince Rolland!"

The guard was very much surprised. "Your majesty," he said kneeling, "I am sorry. I thought he belonged to the black-teeth tribes."

"Show me your teeth," said the king. "What!"

he exclaimed when he beheld the prince's black teeth, "have you become a heathen?"

"Your majesty," stammered the boy, "I forgot to brush my teeth after I ate blueberry pie."

"Well," smiled the king. "I don't believe you will forget to brush your teeth again, for doing so caused you much trouble. You might not have been recognized, and then you would have been sent to live among the black-teeth tribes."

After that Prince Rolland brushed his teeth very carefully after each meal, and they glistened so white when he talked or smiled that there was no doubt he was the prince.

JOHNNY-PICK-A-BEAN

In the Play House in Make-Believe Town lived Johnny and Donny and Lon.

"Boys," Polly-who-put-the-kettle-on said to them one morning, "will you please go to the garden and get some vegetables for dinner?"

"All right!" agreed the three boys.

"I'll pick the beans, and Donny can gather some corn, and Lon can dig the potatoes," arranged Johnny.

Now, to tell the truth, Johnny didn't like to work very well, so he had chosen the easiest task for himself. The ripe pods were hanging in great clusters from the bean vines, and all he need do

would be to seize them by the handful and pull them off. The corn was just beginning to ripen, and he knew that Donny would have to hunt through the big corn patch to find enough plump ears for their dinner, and, of course, digging potatoes is not the easy kind of work.

As soon as they reached the garden, Lon hurried to the potatoe patch and began opening the hills to find the big early potatoes, and Donny disappeared at once behind the corn stalks with his basket. Johnny stopped by the first bean pole and had just reached up to pull off a handful of pods when he heard voices in the next field.

"I wonder who that is?" said Johnny to himself, letting his hand slip from the bean pods.

He stood on tiptoe, but couldn't see from where he was, so he went to the wall and climbed up on a rock to look over. It was Jack and Jill going up the hill with an empty pail.

"That would be ever so much pleasanter than picking beans," thought Johnny. "I wish it were my work to help bring the water."

Johnny watched Jack and Jill out of sight, then he wandered back to the beans and picked one

pod. As he reached for another, he saw some blackbirds flying overhead and stopped to count them to make sure that there were four and twenty. He picked two more pods of beans and turned around to see what Lon was doing; then he sat down to rest a minute and watch the queer shapes the clouds made.

By this time, Donny had found enough plump ears of corn for all the boys and girls in the Play House, and just as he came out of the corn patch, Lon heaped his measure with potatoes and declared that he had enough.

"How did they ever get through so quickly?" wondered Johnny staring after them.

He began to twist a loose bean vine around the pole while he thought it over, and he was still twisting it when he heard Polly's voice calling:

"Johnny! Bring the beans quickly. It's time to cook them."

Johnny glanced at his almost empty basket, snatched a handful of pods, half of which were not ripe, from the vines, and ran to the house.

"Couldn't you get any more?" exclaimed Polly.

"You didn't give me time," mumbled Johnny.

He saw some blackbirds flying overhead and stopped to count them.

Then he sat down to rest a minute and watch the queer shapes the clouds made.

"Well, it's too late to pick more now, or they won't get done for dinner," declared Polly. "I'll have to cook what there are."

How all the boys and girls laughed when they sat down to dinner and found that there was exactly one bean apiece in the dish! And how they did tease Johnny! It wasn't the first time that Johnny had been laughed at, for he was always the last one to finish his work; but after this, whenever any of the boys or girls saw him, they would say:

"Please, Johnny, pick a bean for me!"

So they nick-named him Johnny-Pick-a-Bean.

For a time this amused Johnny as much as it

did the others, but after a while he grew tired of the joke. He knew that the boys and girls didn't think that he was very smart because he was always behindhand in everything. Sometimes one of them said:

"Oh, don't ask Johnny-Pick-a-Bean to do that or it will never be done."

And another would say, when something Johnny had done went wrong:

"Well, what can you expect of Johnny-Pick-a-Bean?"

"I'll show them that I *can* do something!" declared Johnny at last, and one day when Polly asked the boys to gather some vegetables for dinner, Johnny hunted up the bushel basket and took it to the garden.

Everyone laughed at that, but Johnny marched straight to the bean poles and began picking beans into that basket as fast as he could pick. The blackbirds flew over to be baked in the king's pie, and Jack and Jill chattered and laughed as they went for water, but Johnny neither saw nor heard them. He was thinking so hard about beans and

Johnny had a heaping bushel of beans.

how fast he could pick them that he could see nothing but the crimson-streaked pods, and hear nothing but the plop! plop! plop! they made as they dropped into the basket.

By the time the others had the vegetables they wanted, Johnny had a heaping bushel of beans. The Play House family invited everyone in Make-Believe Town to a bean supper, and they themselves lived on beans for a week afterwards.

"We'll never ask you to pick a bean again, Johnny," declared the Play House family, ruefully.

"I won't pick so many again," promised Johnny. "Anyway, I've learned how to work."

THE EARL-OF-EATING

The young Earl-of-Eating could not be found anywhere in the great mansion. "I will look again in the dining room," said the butler; "the Earl-of-Eating spends much time there." At first the butler could see no little boy in the dining room; but there was no wonder, for the little Earl-of-Eating was seated behind a huge piece of watermelon.

"The little boy, Know-how, is here to see you." said the butler.

The Earl never stopped eating, never wiped his lips and said, "I will go to meet him"; instead, as was usual, he had taken so large a bite that he could scarcely speak. "Show him in," said the boy, or that is what he thought he had said, but it didn't sound a bit like that to the surprised butler.

It was necessary that the servants all obey the little Earl-of-Eating. So it was not long until the butler opened the dining room door and threw the little boy visitor into the room.

If there was anybody more surprised than the little boy who landed somewhere under the table, it was the Earl behind the watermelon.

"How dare you treat my guest like that, when I told you to 'Show him in'?" said the Earl.

"I am sorry," said the butler, "but you had your mouth so full that it sounded as though you said 'Throw him in.' "

Little Know-how picked himself up, brushed his clothes, and took the chair by the table that the butler placed for him. Next the butler brought him some melon.

Then the Earl, with his mouth full of melon, commanded the butler, "Sir, be gone!"

The butler thought the little Earl had said "Sing a song!" so he began to sing. But as the butler could not sing very well, the little Earl-of-Eating began to laugh. His mouth was full, so his laughter soon turned into choking.

Now, Know-how never so much as smiled, because he knew that it is never nice to laugh because somebody can't sing well, nor to laugh when one's mouth is full.

When the Earl recovered from his choking, he tried another piece of melon. He stood it up straight on his plate and began to punch the seeds out with a fork. To the left of the room, to the right of the room, on the snow-white table cloth and under the table the big black seeds flew. And finally one hit little guest Know-how right in the eye.

Little Earl-of-Eating felt very badly about this, for he hadn't meant to do such a horrid thing. He had only been careless and rude.

"I'm very sorry," said the Earl.

"The butler thought the Earl said, "Pour some water on me.'

"You didn't really hurt me," said Know-how. "But, oh, dear, how your seeds fly, and what a dreadful noise you do make eating."

The Earl looked ashamed. The watery juice was dripping from his melon, for the Earl was holding the large slice of melon up to his mouth, and his face was daubed with juice from ear to ear.

The Earl looked at Know-how, whose melon lay upon his plate. Know-how was putting small bites of melon into his mouth with his fork after having used the fork to carefully remove the seeds and cut the bites. His face was very clean and

so was the table cloth near his plate. "I'll do it that way next time," said the Earl to himself.

Then the Earl, with his mouth full, said to the butler, "Pour some water for me." But the butler thought the Earl said, "Pour some water on me." So from a pitcher he poured water over the Earl's head.

"My, how quickly the Earl dropped that piece of melon he was holding, and how quickly he swallowed what was in his mouth, and in what a great big hurry he rose and shook the water from his hair. He was very angry with the butler, although in his heart he knew it was his own fault.

The water must have been some kind of magic water, for never again was the Earl known to take so large a bite that he could not speak plainly. And when he went back to his piece of melon he removed the seeds correctly, and kept the juice off his face and the table cloth.

"Well, I must be going," said Know-how. "The melon was very nice. I came to ask you to the

prince's watermelon party. But when the butler threw me in, I didn't dare to ask you, for fear you would treat the prince that way. Then I was afraid you would hit the prince in the eye with a melon seed, and splash the table cloth; but now you can come. Be sure to be there, because it will be a garden party right near the king's watermelon patch, and will be great fun."

So, in due time, the Earl-of-Eating went to the party; and he behaved so nicely that every one said, "He acts just like Know-how."

THE CASTLE OF FROWNS

It all began with Grimpy Grumps. Grimpy Grumps had never been known to smile. Instead, he was almost certain to be frowning whenever you looked at him. He wasn't a pleasant person to live with at all.

Grimpy Grumps had never been known to smile.

This was really too bad, for he lived in a beautiful castle, where he had everything a boy could possibly want. His father, who was a great lord, was always trying to think of some new thing which might please him, but Grimpy Grumps only frowned and pouted, and said cross words about everything.

It is hard to keep pleasant and cheerful when there is a scowly person about, so it wasn't long before everybody else in the castle was scowling,

too. Often the boys and girls who lived nearby were invited to play with Grimpy Grumps. But no matter how cheerful they felt when they came, there was sure to be a quarrel before they left, so that they always went away scowling. No wonder the place was called the Castle of Frowns!

One morning Grimpy Grumps awoke in a very bad humor. He grumbled all the time he was getting dressed, and when he went down to breakfast he slammed the door of his room *hard!* He thought that this would make him feel better, but it didn't; so when he left the breakfast room he slammed that door, too. All the morning, wherever he went through the castle, he slammed the doors.

Nobody was surprised, for Grimpy Grumps often slammed doors, but they *were* surprised when they found that not a single door could be opened! They rattled the latches, they pushed and pulled, and tugged at the doors. Every one stuck fast, and they were too strong to be battered down.

The next day the doors still stuck, and the next day, and the next. To make matters worse,

Grimpy Grumps was crosser than ever. Every door that he hadn't slammed the first day, he slammed the next, and as every door stuck, there was soon not a room in the castle that could be entered by the proper way; so there was nothing to do but to climb in and out of the windows, and how inconvenient *that* was! When dinner was served, the servants had to climb out of the kitchen windows, march around the castle bearing the roast, the vegetables, and the pudding, and climb up a ladder to the dining-room windows. And when bedtime came, everybody had to climb up the ladder and crawl in at the bed-room windows.

Ther was nothing to do but to climb in and out of the windows.

At last the king's wise men were sent for. When they had looked at the doors and at Grimpy Grumps, they knew at once what the trouble was.

"No one but Grimpy Grumps can open these doors," they said. "If he can learn to laugh, the doors that he has shut will open for him. Otherwise they will stay closed forever."

That sounded simple enough, but it wasn't. Famous clowns and jokers, and all sorts of fun-makers were summoned to the castle to teach Grimpy Grumps to laugh. He wouldn't even smile! It really seemed as if the doors would never be opened.

Then, one sunshiny day, as Grimpy Grumps was wandering in the garden, he heard a strange sound. He listened; then he saw a girl looking through the gate.

"Were you making that strange noise?" he asked.

"Why, I was just laughing," answered the stranger.

"Why do you do that?" asked the boy.

"Because I'm happy!" answered Merry Heart, for that was her name, smiling straight at his

Before he knew it he was laughing too.

frown. "It's such a sunshiny day, and this is such a *beautiful* place—"

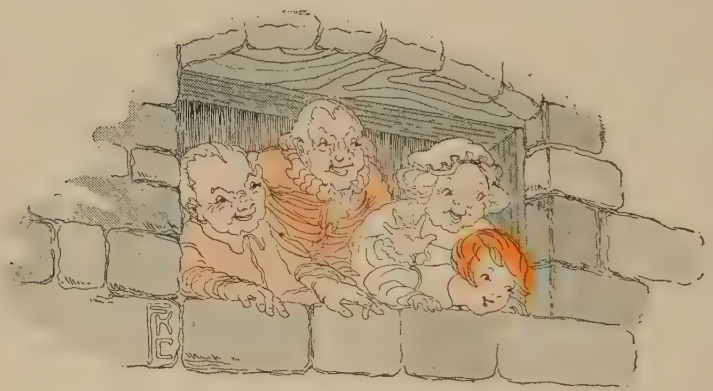
"A beautiful place!" echoed Grimpy Grumps. "Don't you know that this is the Castle of Frowns?"

"Oh, *is* it?" cried the stranger, clapping her hands gleefully. "I'm *so* glad! I did want to see it."

Then she began to laugh again in the merriest way.

"What's so funny?" asked Grimpy Grumps, trying to sound as cross as ever.

"Oh, just think of having to climb to bed by a ladder! How funny that must be!" laughed Merry Heart.



At the unusual sound people popped their heads out of all the castle windows.

"Why, it—it *is* funny!" exclaimed Grimpy Grumps, and before he knew it he was laughing, too.

He was so surprised to hear himself laugh that he stopped right in the middle of it, but the girl didn't stop, so Grimpy Grumps tried it again.

At the unusual sound people popped their heads out of all the castle windows, and when they saw Grimpy Grumps and his new friend *laughing* they couldn't believe their eyes. They expected that any minute he would stop and begin to frown again, but he didn't. He was having such fun that he kept right on laughing, even when he'd forgotten what the joke was.

"Come in and see my toys," begged Grimpy Grumps, when Merry Heart started to go. Taking her by the hand, he ran towards the big castle door. He had forgotten all about its being stuck. He lifted the latch and pushed, and the door opened at once!

"Why, it opened!" exclaimed Grimpy Grumps. "I wonder if the others will."

Grimpy Gumps

Sure enough they did, as easily as if they'd never stuck. How glad everybody was to see those doors open again. After that the Castle of Frowns was the most cheerful place in all the kingdom.

THE FAIRY RIDDLE

One summer day of each year a prince of King Richard's kingdom wrote a riddle on a great tablet in the center of the city square. Whoever solved the riddle was given a cup of silver with golden handles. There were some very queer riddles, and sometimes no one in all the city could think them out. The rich and the wise men, the poor men and the boys and girls—every one tried.

One year the prince rode into the city, stopped at the city square and wrote in great letters this riddle upon the tablet:

"A winged brown fairy in a white silk dress flew out of a green-brown house. What was the name of the fairy?"

"Oh, ho!" said the wise men. "That sounds easy enough! We can find the answer to that in a week!"

"Oh, ho!" laughed the rich men. "Such a tiny riddle! We can answer that in no time."

"Oh, ho!" cried the boys and girls. "A fairy riddle! That's the kind we like the best of all. It will be easy to answer!"

The wise men went home and began to study in their books. The rich men went about trying to buy the answer from someone who knew. The boys and girls puzzled about it from morning till night. They soon found that it wasn't so easy as it looked.

The wise men could find nothing about it in their great books. Soon they went to the great libraries and searched through shelf after shelf of learned volumes to find out the name of the

In no book could it be found.

fairy; but in no book could it be found. The boys and girls thought and thought, and they left their play to wonder about it. When there were any tasks that needed to be done, they made excuses and said that they were too busy to come because they were trying to solve the riddle.

When John's mother called him to carry in chips, he would say, "I can't come just now. I'm thinking about the prince's riddle."

And when Mara's mother called her to watch the baby, she'd say, "Just wait a minute; we're busy working on the riddle!"

Just outside the city lived a boy named Jon. He lived on a farm, and there was always a great deal of work to be done. Jon had to take the cows to pasture in the morning and bring them home at night. He helped to milk, and he always carried the pans of milk down cellar and put them

They left their play to wonder about it.

on the cool cellar floor. He carried in wood and often took pails of cold water to his father and the men working in the fields. He was always busy at something from daylight till dark.

Jon had heard the prince's riddle, but he was always so busy that he didn't have much time to puzzle about it. If he ever did settle his mind to work it out, there would always be something to do so that he'd have to give it up. In the evening he was always too sleepy.

"Anyway, I'm too stupid to ever find the answer to the riddle," he said to himself. "Someone much wiser than I am will have to solve it."

One day Jon was coming home with the cows from the pasture. The leaves were just beginning to turn yellow. He saw a big red and yellow maple leaf come floating down, and he picked it up and stuck it in his hat so that he might show it to his sister when he got home. He saw a squirrel chasing another squirrel along the fence, and he laughed and said, "I'll tell brother Francis how the squirrels play tag!"

Just then he saw something else—something that almost made him forget the cows—something that made his eyes open wide with wonder and excitement.

"It's the prince's riddle! It's the prince's riddle!" he shouted.

The week after that the prince came to the city again. There was a great crowd waiting 'round the city square. The prince stood on a little platform, and he held the silver cup high in the air so that it glistened in the sunlight.

"Oh, how beautiful!" the people cried.

"What is the answer to the riddle?" asked the prince.

"Is it a bird of any kind?" asked a wise man, coming up on the platform.

"No," answered the prince.

One by one the people came up and gave their answers, but they did not even come near to guessing it right.

At last Jon crept out of the crowd and up to the platform. He was dressed in his best, and his hair was smooth and his face rosy and clean. In

one hand he held something carefully. He held it out to the prince.

"Is this the answer?" he asked in a small voice.

The prince took the thing into his own hand. He held it up so all the people could see. It was green-brown and small, like a cradle. One edge was opened, and as the prince held it up, out from the opening came something tiny, with wings, dressed in the softest white silk. Then another and another and another, till all the air was full of the soft-winged things.

"Why, it's the seeds of the milk-weed!" some one cried.

"Yes," replied the prince, "and that's the answer to my riddle!"

He put the beautiful cup into Jon's arms and patted his head. Jon hurried out of the crowd and down the road toward home, so that he could show the cup to his mother and father and brother and sister.

"And wasn't it queer?" he said. "I didn't need to search for the answer. It just came to me while I was doing my everyday work."

THE PARADE IN THE CITY OF SOMEWHERE

The trouble in the City of Somewhere began with a wrinkled-up nose—Leonora's nose. If no one had seen her wrinkle it, it wouldn't have mattered so much, but, unfortunately, she wrinkled it at Guy; so, of course, he wrinkled his nose at her.

At that moment Robin came running down the street, and he saw the two noses all out of kilter.

"Whew! What faces!" he said. "I wonder if I can make as good a one."

Robin tried, and he succeeded so well that Guy thought he would better try again himself; and Leonora, not wanting to be left out, screwed her face into a tangle, too.

All the boys and girls in Somewhere were making up faces everytime they met each other.

No one knows just how it came about, but by the next week all the boys and girls in Somewhere were making up faces every time they met each other, and a great many other times as well. All through the winter and spring they practiced to see who could make up the ugliest face.

One day the Mayor called the inhabitants of the city to a meeting to make plans for celebrating the Fourth of July. The Mayor himself made a speech, and so did the Bishop, and the Superintendent of Schools and one or two other important officials.

It was voted to have a wonderful parade in which every boy and girl in the city should march.

The procession was to be headed by one of the girls dressed as Columbia, and every one in it was to carry a flag. A committee was appointed to train them to march properly, and a Judge from a far-away city was to choose the one who should represent Columbia.

The first rehearsal was held the very next day, and everyone got there early. The Judge was already on the platform when the boys and girls filed into the hall to stand in line before him. He spoke a few pleasant words to them, reminding them what an honor it was to carry the American flag in a Fourth of July parade, and especially to take the part of Columbia, who represented America herself. After that, the Judge put on his spectacles and looked at the first girl in line, then at the second and the third and the fourth. The farther he looked down the line. the more surprised he appeared to be.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, when he had looked at every girl. "What has happened to twist the faces of these girls all out of shape? And the boys' faces, too? Why—I don't like to say it—

but really they look more like little monkeys than they do like boys and girls."

The Chairman of the Committee came forward and put on *his* spectacles.

"Why, so they do!" he agreed. "That is too bad! It would never do to have a parade of little monkeys to carry the flags on the Fourth of July, and there's not a single one here that's fit to represent Columbia. We can't have a parade, after all."

The Chairman looked very sad, and so did the Judge, and so did the boys and girls, and so did all the people in the city when they heard that there couldn't be any Fourth of July parade.

"I don't believe I look so ugly," pouted Leonora, as she hurried home. She ran straight to her mirror, and she was surprised when she saw her face in the glass.

Her mouth was twisted into a pucker and her nose was all crinkly. One eyebrow pointed up and one pointed down, and her forehead was quite askew. She tried to smile, but her face was so much more used to screwing up that it was some time before she could manage to make a nice, even smile. At last she succeeded, and when she saw

how much better it made her look, a wonderful idea popped into her head. She rushed out of the house and hunted up the other boys and girls to tell them her plan.

The next afternoon the Mayor was surprised to hear a knock on his door, and when it was opened a long line of boys and girls marched into the room. In an armchair by the Mayor's desk sat the Judge from the far-away city.

"What fine-looking boys and girls!" he remarked, after the Mayor had greeted them. "What a pity that they don't belong in this city!"

"But we do!" cried Leonora. "We're the very same ones that you saw yesterday."

The Parade in the City of Somewhere

"We're the very same ones you saw yesterday."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, then we can have the parade."

"Hurrah!" cheered Guy, forgetting where he was. "Leonora ought to be Columbia because she made us practice smiling until we got our faces smooth."

"I wrinkled my nose first," confessed Leonora.

"But now you're leading the right way. I think you're the very one to be Columbia," declared the Judge.

That parade was the best ever seen in the City of Somewhere.

GRETA'S RICHES

There were once two sisters, named Frieda and Greta, who were as unlike as two sisters can be. Whenever anyone wanted her help Greta would say: "What will you give me for it?" but Frieda was always watching for some way of helping people without being asked.

Their parents tried everything they could think of to make Greta more unselfish, but nothing changed. her. At last, they sent for the Wise Woman, who lived at the edge of the forest.

"Let the two girls spend the summer with me," she suggested. "Perhaps we shall find a remedy."

The first morning after their arrival, the Wise Woman asked Greta to wash the dishes.

"What will you give me if I do?" demanded Greta.

"What do you want?"

"I want money to buy beautiful clothes," replied Greta. "The queen wishes a companion for the princess, and she may choose me."

"Very well. I will give you a penny whenever you wash the dishes," promised the Wise Woman.

In the meantime, Frieda had made her bed, swept up some ashes which had been spilled, and dusted the room.

"How would you girls like to have gardens of your own?" suggested the Wise Woman, by and by.

Frieda was delighted with the idea, but Greta asked:

"What could I get out of it?"

"You might sell your vegetables."

"Then I should like a garden," decided Greta.

The Wise Woman marked out a plot of ground for each girl, and the gardens were soon growing nicely. When the peas were ready to eat, Greta took all of hers to market, but Frieda saved out some of the best of hers for a woman who had no garden.

"My daughter has been sick," explained the

She had saved a little space on the edge of her plot, for a border of flowers.

woman as she thanked Frieda, "and she has been longing for some fresh green peas."

Frieda sang all the way home because she was so happy to think of the pleasure she had given, but Greta grumbled all the way home because she had received less than she expected for her peas.

Often after that, Frieda carried peas or other vegetables to the sick girl and to others who needed them. And she had plenty of flowers to take too, for she had saved a little space on the edge of her plot, for a border of flowers.

"You're foolish. You won't have any room left for vegetables," warned Greta, "and you don't get a thing for your flowers."

"I am getting something better than money for them," Frieda replied, and she went, singing, out to her garden.

There she saw a rabbit, peeping through the fence. He hopped away when he saw her, but she put some crispy lettuce and cabbage leaves where he had been. The next morning the leaves were gone and every night after that, Frieda put out more leaves for the rabbit. Gradually, he

There she saw a rabbit peeping through the fence.

grew so tame that he would come for the leaves while Frieda was near, and at last he would eat from her hand.

"I would not waste good vegetables on a rabbit!" sneered Greta.

That summer there came a dreadful drought. The streams dried up, and only a small potful of water could be spared for the gardens.

One day, when Frieda was sprinkling hers, a bird came and tried to drink the drops from the leaves.

"Poor thirsty thing! You shall have all of this water," promised Frieda. "My plants won't need it if I loosen the earth around them."

So she kept a dishful of water out for the birds, and many came to drink and bathe, often singing sweetly to thank her for her kindness.

Frieda was happy from morning till night. The wild creatures came to her, unafraid, and she had many boy and girl play-mates. No one came to play with Greta because she was always talking about her pennies and what they would buy, and the wild things hid from her.

One day a woman in peasant's rags stopped and begged for some vegetables as her garden had been killed by the drought.

"Have you money to pay?" asked Greta.

"Alas! a poor peasant has little," she replied. "I have only this."

"A penny! That would pay for no more than a lettuce leaf," scoffed Greta.

Frieda had disappeared, but now she hurried back with a basket of vegetables.

"Take these," she said, "they are not so very good, but it is all I have left in my garden except a single cabbage for my rabbit—but you're welcome to them if you can use them."

The woman thanked her and held out the coin.

"Why, it's gold!" cried Frieda.

"Yes, and so is your heart," said the stranger.

Her peasant's rags slipped to the ground, and there stood the queen!

"The wise woman has told me of you, and I should like to have you as a companion for the princess," she said.

For a moment Greta stood by, silent. Then she drew from her pocket the money she had saved and slipped it into Frieda's hand, saying:

"Take it and buy you a pretty dress. You must not go before the princess in this old one."

As she said it, she smiled and for the first time in her life she felt truly happy.

"Now I know what has made my heart heavy," she laughed. "It was the weight of the money in my pocket and selfishness in my thoughts."

PRINCE WEARY'S GALOSHES

The great oak door of the study-room flew open and a page said to Prince Weary and Princess Gay, "Your majesties, the Royal High Galosh-maker has arrived."

"Show him in," commanded the Prince.

At these words, the galosh-maker entered the room bringing with him one very long box and one very short box.

"Your majesties," said the man, "I have finished your galoshes that were made to order. I hope they will please."

The man took from the small box a pair of very nice galoshes and tried them over the princess's shoes. They were a perfect fit, and would keep out snow very well indeed.

"Now," said the prince, "show me *my* galoshes."

"Your majesty," said the man, opening the very long box, "I beg to be allowed to say that these are very foolish-looking galoshes, but I made them exactly to your orders."

"Silence," the prince said very rudely. "Put them on."

The man put the galoshes over the prince's shoes. They were twice as high as most galoshes, and the flaps on the sides were twice as wide as most flaps. And instead of four buckles on each galosh there were eight.

"It will take you a long time to fasten so many buckles," said the galosh-maker.

"Stupid," said the prince, "I am not going to fasten them. I told you to put on very large musical buckles, because when I walk and the sides of the galoshes go flap, flap, I want the buckles to make a merry click, click."

"There is one thing more," said the patient galosh-maker, "I made the bottoms very smooth instead of rough like most galoshes. This *was according* to your orders, too."

"Certainly," replied the prince. "If they are smooth, the snow will not stick so badly to them. I can't bother to wipe my galoshes on the royal door-mat every time I come into the palace."

When the galosh-maker was gone, Prince Weary and Princess Gay put on their wraps and left the palace. They crossed the draw-bridge and went on until they came to the coasting-hill where all the royal boys and girls from neighboring castles coasted in the late afternoons.

"Come, everybody!" called one of the boys. And every one jumped onto the bob-sled—that is, every one except Prince Weary. He was last and just as he was about to get on, the flaps of his galoshes caught together and threw him forward. On down the hill the merry children coasted. It was a wonderful long, smooth, fast ride. And the prince went down the hill, too—only not on the bob-sled. He went down the steep, long hill, flat

They were twice as high as most galoshes.

on his royal chest, bumpity, bumping his princely chin.

When he reached the bottom he got up and brushed the snow off, but when he tried he could not walk up the hill, because the bottoms of his galoshes were too smooth. The young princess tried to help him, but all in vain.

There was only one thing the prince could do, he must go by a road that wound around the hill. This road was so long that when Prince Weary finally walked around to the place where his playmates had started coasting, he found that all the children had gone home, for it was getting dark.

So Prince Weary started home. It was quite dark when he came to the draw-bridge, and the guard called, "Hello! who comes here?"

"It is I, Prince Weary," answered the boy.

"And who comes with you," asked the guard. "I heard a click, clicking like the sound of fire-arms."

"That was nothing but my galosh-buckles clicking."

"I cannot let you pass," declared the guard.

So the Poor Prince sat down on a cold wet stone and waited.

So the poor prince sat down on a cold, wet stone and waited. It grew darker and colder. Finally he saw a light coming. It came nearer and nearer. The prince grew so frightened that he screamed. Suddenly the light was thrust in his face, and the prince saw that it was a lantern that the Royal High Galosh-maker was carrying.

"Oh, I'm so glad that we found you," called Princess Gay. We have been looking everywhere for you, and when you screamed we knew your voice."

The Galosh-maker explained it all to the guard who ordered the draw-bridge let down. Then the Royal High Galosh-maker with Princess Gay, who had had a wonderful time coasting went with Prince Weary across the draw-bridge.

"Please, sir," said the prince very meekly to the Galosh-maker, "will you kindly make me another pair of galoshes?"

"Certainly," was the answer, "do you wish another pair like these?"

The prince was very much ashamed. "Oh, no," said he. "I don't want them so high, nor the flaps

so wide. I want only four buckles on each galosh. And I don't care about the buckles being musical, for I want to keep them fastened. And please make them rough on the bottom so I can climb up hill. For never again will I dislike so much to wipe my galoshes on the royal door-mat."

THE SELFISH PRINCE

Prince Albert would have been a charming little prince but for one thing. He was selfish. He had a pretty little sister, and if Prince Albert had been the prince he should have been, he would have treated her very kindly. But he never stopped to think how a prince or a true gentleman would share all things with a lovely princess, or a true little lady. He only knew that he wanted the best of everything for himself. So whenever a royal page brought cookies, or apples, or dainty tarts from out the royal kitchen, the prince divided them, but, always he gave the smaller share to the little princess.

Now, when the king found this out, he was very much grieved. He said unless the prince changed

He gave the smaller share to the Little Princess.

he would never grow up to be the right kind of a king. So the selfish prince was sent to a foreign land far away from home. Over the sea in a royal ship he sailed, and finally landed on a strange sea coast, where a queer man waited for him.

"Come with me," said the man gruffly.

The prince, who was very much surprised at being spoken to rudely, followed the man until they came to a strange looking house.

"I suppose you are hungry." suggested the man as they entered the house.

"Yes, I am nearly starved," replied the prince. "Get me something to eat at once."

But the man only stared at the boy.

The prince became very angry. "What is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Can't you understand what I say?"

"Yes," the man answered. "But I have lived in this land many years, and I have never been ordered about in such a manner. I don't see why you think you dare give me orders."

"Dare!" the prince repeated. "Why, am I not a prince?"

"A prince?" asked the man. "You don't look like a prince."

"Don't look like one! Can't you see my velvet suit and the plume in my hat?" shouted the angry prince.

"Certainly," the man said, "but clothes do not make you a prince. How do I know where you might have obtained them? You have not the face of a prince. A true prince would look kind and good and generous."

After a while the man brought in some food. On the dish was one large and one small piece of cake.

"Take the piece you wish," directed the man.

So the prince took the larger piece, for he had the habit of being greedy. Then the man brought forth cheese, and the prince took the larger piece. And when the man brought two glasses of milk, the prince took the larger glass.

But when the prince tasted the first bit of cake he exclaimed, "Why, I cannot eat this, it is bitter!"

"There is no more cake," said the strange man. "You will have to eat your cheese and drink the milk."

But the prince had no better fortune for these tasted even more bitter than the cake.

"Well," said the man, who ate and drank all of his small portion, "there is nothing more to eat. You must go to bed hungry. There are two beds, a small bed and a large bed. Which do you want?"

"The large bed, of course," replied the prince.

But lo! the prince found the large bed was so hard he could not sleep. So he lay awake and

thought of his father, the great king, and of his mother, the lovely queen, and of his little sister whom he really loved. And he thought of the large man who had to sleep in a tiny bed. He knew too, that the man must be as hungry as he, himself. For although the man had eaten all of his food, it was a very small amount for so large a person. "Well," said the prince to himself. "I won't be greedy any more, for it doesn't make me. nor the people about me, happy."

The next morning when the man brought cake and cheese and milk, the prince took the smaller portion. It tasted very sweet, for he was doing right. So both he and the man who had the larger share were satisfied.

That night the prince chose the smaller bed, and found it was not hard, and so he slept well.

The next morning the prince said, "Sir, I wish I might go home. I will try very hard to be kind and generous."

"Your masjesty," replied the strange man, bowing low, "I shall obey your orders and make ready a ship, for I can now see that you are a prince, because today you have acted as a true prince should.

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

Big Chief shook his head sadly as he watched his daughter playing among the rushes and the flowers, "The little girl is always flitting about," he mutttered. "She thinks of nothing but her own pleasure, she is like the butterflies."

So always afterward the girl was called an Indian name which meant, Butterfly.

All summer Butterfly wandered about the creek. She liked better than anything else in the world to watch the sunbeams on the rippling water, and to see the colored lights flash through the wings

of the drag-on-flies hovering above the stream.

When fall came, she was still skipping about playing with the other butterflies in the golden sunshine.

But Butterfly, seeking only pleasure, still stayed and swung among the grapes.

"Come," called the other Indian children of the village to Butterfly. "Come with us to gather wild grapes."

Chanting a strange Indian song, she followed them.

When they came to where the grape vines twined over the trees and the bushes, the boys and girls began to fill their baskets with the purple grapes. But Butterfly did not do this; she gathered them to eat. The other children ate some,

too. But when they found nice big bunches, they thought how pleased the squaw mother and the little children at home would be to have them; so they put the grapes in their baskets.

When Butterfly had eaten all the grapes she wished, she discovered a wonderful swing formed of the twining grape vines.

"Come, let's swing," she said to the other children.

So every one took turns swinging in the vine swing. Soon they all went back to work. Butterfly, seeking only pleasure, swung higher and higher among the purple grapes.

In the late afternoon Butterfly tired of this, and seeing some lovely moss, lay down on it to rest. She curled up and soon fell asleep.

When the children were ready to go home they called to her and shook her. "Come," they said, "it is late, we must go home."

"Go away and leave me alone," said Butterfly. So they had to go home without her.

And she, like all the pretty butterflies out-of-doors who had eaten much, and had played much, now slept much.

It was a voice asking, "Who! Who?" that awakened her. She rubbed her eyes and looked about her. It was dark in the woodland.

The Indian girl had known from the time that she was a very little girl that the one asking, "Who," in the woodland at night, was the owl. But somehow it all seemed so different to-night. She picked up her Indian blanket from the ground, and put it around her. "I am Butterfly," she called to the voice asking, "Who."

Then there came another voice asking, "Where? Where?" Any other night Butterfly would have known that it was the wind. But somehow it all seemed so different now.

It was a voice asking, "Who? Who?"

She thought the voice meant, where were the grapes she should have gathered. She drew her Indian blanket closer about her. "I ate them all," she called into the dark.

Now another voice was saying, "Hi-yi, hi-yi!" At any other time she would have known that it was only an Indian dog saying, "Hi-yi." But now she thought the voice was talking about her swinging so high. As she thought of her baby sister at home who would have liked to have swung, too, she called into the night, "I will swing the papoose in the vine-swing tomorrow."

The Indian girl pulled her bright colored blanket very closely about her, and ran home as fast as she could; for, like the butterflies that fly about in the sunshine, she should be home at dark.

One day Big Chief sat smoking his pipe, and with half shut eyes watched the girl. She was flitting here and there. Sometimes she was playing, but often she was doing something helpful for some one else.

"Ugh!" grunted Big Chief to his daughter. "I named you Butterfly. Now you have learned to do golden deeds for others, I will call you Golden Butterfly."

Finis

RUNAWAY NANNY

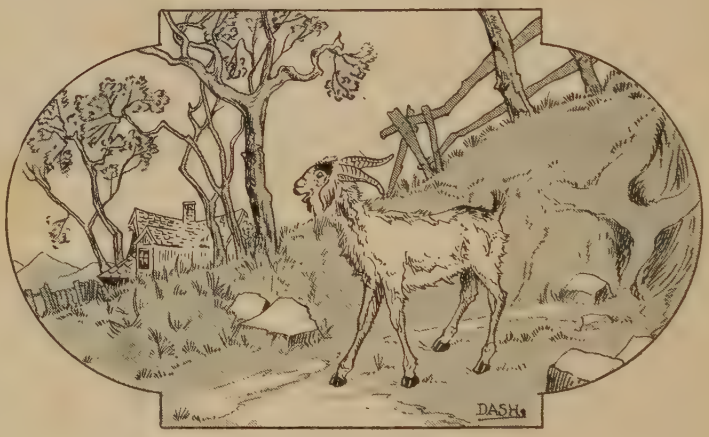
AND OTHER

DELIGHTFUL STORIES

BY

CLARA J DENTON

AUTHOR OF "BUSY LITTLE BIRDS"
"HOME-SPUN STORIES" ETC.



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